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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

WILLIAM H. CRAIN

APRIL 25—MAY 16, 1896

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

WILLIAM H. CRAIN

(Late a Representative from Texas),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE,

Fifty-fourth Congress, First Session.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS

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PREFATORY NOTE.

WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN was born in Galveston, Tex., November 25, 1848. He was graduated from St. Francis Xavier College, New York City, July 1, 1867, and afterwards received the degree of A. M. from that institution. He was admitted to the bar in February, 1871, and practiced his profession more or less till his death. He served as district attorney of his district and as State senator, and was five times elected to Congress.

He died February 10, 1896, and was buried in the Catholic cemetery near his home at Cuero, Tex., on the 14th of February following. The funeral services at the church were under the direction of Bishop Forest, who concluded with the following words: "O Lord, have mercy on the Honorable WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN, the Catholic American Congressman."

The eulogies delivered in the House are recorded at pages 4437–4445 and those of the Senate at pages 5338, 5339 of the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, first session, Fifty-fourth Congress.

Death of Hon. William H. Crain.

Proceedings in the House.

February 10, 1896.

Mr. Sayers. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my sad duty to announce to the House the death of one of its members, William H. Crain, a Representative from Texas. I shall not detain the House further at this time than to say, that I shall ask the House at some future day to pause in its deliberations in order to pay tribute to the memory of the deceased. For the present I shall content myself with asking the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. William Henry Crain, late a Representative from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That a committee of nine members of the House be appointed by the Speaker, to act with such Senators as may be selected, to attend the funeral of the deceased; that the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House shall take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased at his home, and that the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to Mr. Crain's memory the House do now adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. SAYERS. I ask the adoption of the resolutions just read.

The resolutions were adopted; and the Speaker announced the appointment of the following-named members as the committee on the part of the House, under the resolution:

Mr. Pendleton, Mr. Crowley, Mr. Kyle, Mr. McDearmon, Mr. Miles, Mr. Milnes, Mr. Leonard, Mr. Eddy, and Mr. Murphy, of Illinois.

And then, in accordance with the resolutions, the House (at 12 o'clock and 15 minutes p. m.) adjourned until to-morrow at 12 o'clock m.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

APRIL 25, 1896.

Mr. PENDLETON. Under the order of the House, eulogies were to be delivered on our deceased colleague, Mr. WILLIAM H. CRAIN, on Saturday, April 25, commencing at 2.30. I ask that the order be read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the session on Saturday, April 25, beginning at 2.30 p. m., be devoted to the delivery of eulogies on the late WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN.

Address of Mr. Pendleton.

Mr. Pendleton. Mr. Speaker, it is well for the living to express their sorrow and to pay the tribute of respect due to those who have been our daily associates and friends, and who have before us passed over the line which is drawn between time and eternity.

It is a duty demanded by friendship, by affection, and by our common humanity; and while engaged in this duty, it reminds us that we, too, are mortal; that we, too, are hastening to the grave, and that when a few more fleeting moments have passed, we will be called into the presence of that Creator who has given us existence and opportunity and to whom we are responsible for the use of the possibilities He has placed in our grasp.

We miss the genial smile, the cordial greeting, the hearty handshake of our noble friend. Our hearts are sore, for many of us have known him long and well, and none knew him but to love him.

William H. Crain was a native Texan, born at Galveston November 25, 1848; graduated at St. Francis Xavier College, New York, in 1867; studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1871, at once taking high rank in his profession. Possessing fine natural ability, well educated, with a genial social disposition, it was natural that he should engage in politics. True to his convictions and loyal to his friends, he drew to himself a body of earnest supporters, who followed his fortunes and made him successful in every contest. He was elected first as district attorney, then State senator, and in 1884 to the Forty-ninth Con-

gress, which place he held by successive reelections until his death.

No man can long retain friends who is unworthy of them. On the other hand, he who through a long term of years and many trying ordeals secures and holds the respect and affection of a large number of the best among his fellow-men must possess sterling qualities.

Mr. CRAIN was a poor man; he did not possess the money-making faculty, and he was too honest to barter his convictions for mere gain. Yet when money was needed for legitimate political purposes, men—prudent, calculating business men—would use their means in his behalf as freely as if he were a brother or a son. No man in Texas or any other State had a more loyal, faithful constituency. When he announced his candidacy at the beginning of political campaign, it was the signal for all the loyal enthusiasm and effort of which his friends were capable.

His death brought grief to many a heart, and he will long be kindly remembered by the people he served so faithfully and well.

When the news of his death was sent, the grief was deep and sincere. Throughout his district (one of the largest in Texas) meetings were held at all the principal towns, and appropriate resolutions were adopted.

The Congressional committee which escorted his remains to his home was met at Houston, 200 miles distant, by a special train, occupied by his friends and neighbors.

The estimate placed upon him by those who had known him longest and best can be better shown by the account of the ceremonies at his funeral and burial, taken from the San Antonio Express, which I here append as a part of my remarks.

THE LAST HONORS PAID TO CONGRESSMAN CRAIN.

CUERO, TEX., *February 14.*

Tenderly, and with hearts whose every pulsation was a requiem, the people of Cuero to-day laid in the bosom of Mother Earth all that is mortal of their beloved Congressman, WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN. Upon a hillside, where his children, playing in their home, can watch over his rest, they dug his grave, and into this they softly lowered his body amid 2,000 drooping heads.

Such a tribute is seldom paid a man. It was devoid of grandeur, but rich in simple sincerity. It was a funeral in which all were mourners, a funeral in which the most lowly negro trudged feebly along behind the rich equipage, in which white and black, gray hairs and kilted tots, contributed their grief to the common woe. It was an inspiring spectacle—a lesson that must have made its impression upon everyone who saw it.

The shock which the sudden announcement of Mr. CRAIN'S death caused made the people of Cuero almost insensible of their own grief. Dejectedly they hung crape about their stores and houses, and omitted no opportunity to show respect to the memory of the dead. But it was not until yesterday, as they filed slowly around his bier and looked sadly down on the cold and rigid face they had known so well, did they become truly sensible of their grief. Since then this has been truly a town in mourning. From the moment his gray-haired mother and stricken wife were led away from the casket until this morning at 10 o'clock, when the undertakers drew them aside to shut his face off forever from the light of the world, a constant stream of people wended slowly around the catafalque to take the last look. It is doubtful if a man, woman, or child in this town omitted to pay their last respects. Certainly more people than are in Cuero did this honor, for hundreds were here from a distance for this very purpose.

FLORAL TRIBUTES.

Some brought flowers to lay on his bier; some were but small bunches of violets, dropped by a childish hand; others were magnificent designs, which taxed the art of the florist. Scarce a

variety of nature's poems was missing. They were banked up a foot high on the casket, obscuring from view all save a small space of the glass through which the kindly face was visible. Then they were placed on tables and on the piano, and finally chairs had to be brought in to hold the wealth of floral offerings. All of them were pretty, some magnificent in the elaborateness of their design, some touching in their winsome simplicity. Two especially were very striking.

One was a circle of immortelles, full 2 feet in diameter and with a rim not less than 6 inches wide. Around the edge of the immaculate immortelles was a faint line of purple, and elevated a few inches above was a crosspiece not unlike that to an anchor. This, too, was of immortelles, and through it was "Our friend," in purple. It was an offering from the National Association of Letter Carriers, who esteemed Mr. CRAIN their especial friend because of his activity in legislation in their behalf.

Another magnificent piece was presented by Mrs. E. D. L. Wickes, of San Antonio. It was very elaborate in design. Between two long slender palms, which gracefully nodded their tips together, assuming a shape something like that of a heart, was a bank, set incline, of flowers of almost every variety. About 2 feet long and a little less in width, it represented Mr. CRAIN'S desk in Congress. The outlines of the desk were marked by a border of Marechal Neil buds, nestling close to an inner border of passionate dark red roses, just opening. The body of the desk was of sprays of evergreens and pinks, and in the center an open book was formed of hyacinths and pinks. Lying diagonally across the face of the book was a broken pen, the stem being made of delicate ferns. Rising above the whole by nearly a foot was a cross formed of Marechal Neils and red buds The whole rested on a wire frame made especially for it.

There were dozens and dozens of other designs, all of them pretentions, while there were banks of flowers tied in bunches. Among the very many offerings were handsome designs from "The Ladies of Edna," Mrs. Richard King, of Corpus Christi, Mrs. Robert Kleberg, and Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Taliaferro, of Houston.

To add to the striking effect of the scene, three candles burned

at the foot of the casket, where sat also a crucifix. The candles had been carried by three of Mr. CRAIN'S sons when they made their first communion. Indeed, signs of Mr. CRAIN'S religious faith were manifest everywhere, for, a consistent Catholic through life, he died surrounded by priests, and with all the rites of the Church. The last sacrament was administered to him by Father Foley, of Washington, according to Mr. Corridon, his private secretary, who was with him when he died, and who bore his last messages to his stricken wife.

From the time the body was brought to the house until it was taken to the church this morning it was watched by a detail of the Merchants' Protective Hose Company, of which Mr. CRAIN used to be an active member, and of which he was an honorary member at the time of his death. This privilege was granted at their own request, for each of them felt an especial affection for him.

CROWDS VIEW THE REMAINS.

Their vigil was not long, for, save during the middle hours of the night, there were always crowds coming to see the body. Early this morning, before most people had breakfasted, they began to come, and as the day grew so did their numbers. Before the sun had driven the chill from the air the line reached from the street into the house.

Most of the callers this morning were out-of-town people, who had come in on the early trains and on the special from Victoria. There was an unwonted crowd on the streets, and had not a subdued air prevaded all, a stranger might have thought some festival was about to begin. But as it was, this could not be thought, for it was not a moving crowd, but a crowd that gathered in knots all over town before closed doors and heavy-draped windows. Toward 9 o'clock they began to drift toward the residence where the body lay.

The residence is a big, old-fashioned two-story house, almost square, and destitute of the least fanciful design. It stands in one corner of a 2-acre lot, covered with grass. It is but a step from the church, and between the two places the sidewalks were not adequate for the crowds that passed to and fro.

Before the crowd became very large this morning the members of both fire companies, in uniform, took position on each side of the walk leading from the gate to the door, and kept the line moving between the walls which they formed.

Among the callers about this time were Governor Culberson, accompanied by Colonel Proctor, Mr. Ed. Kauffman, internal-revenue collector of Austin, and Mr. Pleasanton, secretary of the Democratic State executive committee. State Senator Lawhon was also among the callers, as was Mr. Rudolph Kleberg, who came to look for the last time on the face of his dead partner.

Governor Culberson spent but a moment beside the body, and then stood out in the hall until the members of the Congressional escort arrived. They wore long white silk sashes, hung diagonally from their shoulders, with black rosettes at the shoulder and where they crossed at the button. They also wore white silk gloves, and these, with glossy silk tiles and long broadcloth Prince Alberts, made a striking uniform. When they arrived, Undertaker Zurhorst, of Washington, who directed the ceremonies, pinned sashes on Governor Culberson and Colonel Proctor, and they were among the honorary pallbearers. The members of the Cuero Turn-Verein, with their silk banner heavily draped in black, arrived in a body and passed around the casket. Then, it being just 10 o'clock, the cover was screwed over the glass plates and the face of WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN was shut from view forever. The flowers which had covered it were taken off, revealing a plain but rich casket covered with heavy velvet. Save for the ornamentation of the massive silver handle pieces, there was no decoration. On the middle was a heavy silver plate, on which was engraved:

WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN.
November 25, 1848.
February 10, 1896.

The active pallbearers were Charles Breeding, Joseph Rice, Dr. W. R. Rathbone, John McDonald, Jeff Baker, and Joseph Sheppard, all of whom live in Cuero. These gently lifted the casket and bore it to the waiting hearse, to which were hitched four handsome black horses.

When the body was deposited in the hearse, the members of

the fire company marched ahead and took a position in front. The honorary pallbearers divided on each side of the hearse. Next, in carriages, were Mr. CRAIN'S mother, his sister-in-law, and Judge Mitchell, of Victoria, and his five children. Mrs. Crain did not attend either at the church or the grave, she being completely prostrated. Probably a thousand others fell in behind, and thus they marched slowly to the church.

SERVICES AT THE CHURCH.

The big crowd which was standing outside the church, being unable to get admission, opened a passageway, and when the procession was in, closed up and wholly hid it from view.

At the entrance the casket was met by Bishop Forest and five surpliced priests, with crucifix, font, and censer.

"I am the resurrection and the life," announced the arrival of the corpse, and simultaneously from the deep solemn voice of the pipe organ came the dirge. Slowly up the aisle, following the praying clergy, the casket was borne and placed in front of the altar. Save that the altar and chancel were dressed in midnight black, the church was not draped. High above the altar, though, rested the floral piece which Mrs. Wickes had sent. The relatives took the front seats on the left of the aisle and the pallbearers were immediately opposite.

Then the crowd was admitted until the church was full, when the doors were closed, leaving a thousand outside.

Requiem mass differs from high mass scarcely in any detail except that the music is very solemn, being sung almost in dirge time. The Credo, Kyrie, and Offertory are sung, but not the Gloria. Father Wyer, of St. Joseph's College, Victoria, was the celebrant; Father Kline, of St. Edward's, Austin, was the deacon; Father Gerlach, of Myersville, subdeacon, and Father Mocyzgambi, of Pana Maria, master of ceremonies. Bishop Forest sat on the gospel side of the altar with Father Shehan, pastor of the church. Bishop Forest blessed the corpse and gave the benediction.

When the service had been concluded, Father Smith, of San Antonio, robed only in a black cassock, with a crucifix in his belt, stepped to the front of the altar and spoke of the dead.

"Death is an unwelcome visitor," he said, "and, unbidden, enters every rank of life. It respects neither the righteous nor the wicked, neither rich nor poor, and so audacious is it, that one day it ascended Calvary and did not come down until it had given the fatal blow to God himself, made man. Here before us to-day we have evidence of his visit.

"Among men there is an unbounded ambition. From birth they seek to attain the influential positions of life. Many aspire to the legislature of their country or of their States, and not a few as editors of newspapers aspire to lead the thought of men and mold the opinion of the public. From the newspaper men we expect that they shall strive to widen and uplift our thoughts. To the legislators the people look for such laws as will conduce to their happiness, and the one who seeks to rule by laws and enactments must, if he be successful, give heed to the higher laws of God.

"The deceased was one who considered the responsibilities of public life. In tender years, when he thought he was destined for public usefulness, he knocked at the door of the Catholic Church and asked to be admitted among her children. He was soon convinced that she who had witnessed the downfall and rise of so many people, who for so long a time had governed men aud had assisted nations in regaining their lost prestige, had a true sense of liberty, which means to do the greatest good to the greatest number. She told him that there was a God; that there was a Christ, the Son of God. She told him that there were two powers independent in their spheres—the spiritual and the physical. She told him also of the necessity of making use of this world for the other, of the use of reason and religion. She told him all this, and he accepted it, and those who may have listened to his reasons for joining that Church know that, as he frequently said to himself, he was a 'convinced Catholic.' He was a convinced Catholic, and, my dear friends, he took the teachings which he had received from the Church and brought them into the public arena, and became not only a Catholic but an American, feeling himself at home anywhere in this country. He was not afraid to say that he was an American, and his loyalty to the Church did not suffer. Never did he forget that he was a Catholic American.

"A Catholic American the deceased was; and as I have promised not to delay you long, I can not better illustrate what I have said than to recall to your mind the last speech which he uttered in the halls of Congress. It was on a bill making an appropriation for charitable purposes. The peroration must still ring in your ears. Once more he brought the antagonistic armies on the fields of thirty years ago face to face. You saw them fight; you saw them fall dead and wounded; and on those fields of carnage he showed you the Sisters of Charity—white-winged ministers of God's mercy—going about the fields holding a cup of cold water to some parched lips, dressing the wounds of some prostrate soldier, praying beside some fallen boy, and closing in death the eyes of those who had been killed. In that peroration—in that speech—you can see the Catholic, who, fast in the faith of the Church, teaches wisdom and love of country. You can see likewise the statesman, applying the Constitution of his country, which demands justice for all.

"I will conclude by asking what he is unable to ask now. We have a soul; so had he, but it is now in eternity, and he realizes now, no doubt, the truth of the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and one of them is prayer for the dead. And to-day and hereafter, when his name comes to your memory, do not forget to say, 'O Lord, have mercy on the Honorable WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN, the Catholic American Congressman.'"

Then Bishop Forest passed twice around the casket, once sprinkling it with holy water and once with the censer. Then the pallbearers lifted the body, and, following Bishop Forest and five robed priests, they placed it in the hearse, and it was borne to the cemetery.

AT THE CEMETERY.

The cemetery is about half a mile from the church, on a hillside, and in view of the house which was the dead Congressman's home. The procession en route passed quite in front of where his widow lay sick of grief. The order of march was the same as that from the house to the church, except that the honorary pallbearers rode in carriages immediately behind the hearse.

The line extended almost from the church to the cemetery. Fully two-thirds of those who were at the cemetery went afoot.

The ceremony at the grave was very brief, consisting of Latin chants. When these had been sung, Bishop Forest and each of the priests threw a spadeful of earth into the grave. Then the active pallbearers, hats in hand, filed singly around the grave, and as each passed its head he took the crape from his arm and dropped it in.

The firemen followed, casting the crape and bunches of evergreen which they carried into the grave. Then came the honorary pallbearers, the Congressional escort, and as they passed the head of the grave they drew off the white silk gloves from their hands and dropped them onto the casket.

Then the flowers, of which there was an immense pile, were thrown in, and lastly four strong men covered the whole with earth and piled it up high to mark the last resting place of WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN.

AUSTIN, TEX., *February 14.*

Out of respect to the memory of the late WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN, whose remains were to-day consigned to the grave in the cemetery at Cuero, the flags on the State capitol and the Federal building have been flying at half-mast. No member of the Texas delegation in Congress was more popular in Austin than Mr. CRAIN, and the news of his death came to his Austin friends like a clap of thunder in a clear sky. Generous, impulsive, and brilliant, his was a life that shone like some majestic star, dimming those around it by its matchless luster, while his genius charmed and cast a spell on all who came beneath its influence. Born where the ocean's roar made the first music for his infant ears, he seemed to catch that inspiration from the boundless deep which moved to mighty deeds.

The S. S. Prentiss of the South, he knew not what fear meant when duty called, for his was the courage of a Richard Cœur de Lion and the spirit of a Henry of Navarre. But "he is now at rest, and praise and blame fall on his ear alike, now cold in death." No more will his voice charm with its magic or arouse with its eloquence, and to-day, when the grave received all that was mortal of this mighty statesman, this matchless orator, this

friend of liberty, this genial, generous, and impulsive man, all nature sighed and a shadow crossed the sun. "Yes, thou art gone, gone like a star, that through the firmament shot and was lost, in its eccentric course dazzling, perplexing," and

> Look where we may, yet we will look in vain
> To find thy likeness, O immortal CRAIN!

A FRIEND.

PROCEEDINGS AT EAGLE PASS.

EAGLE PASS, TEX., *February 13*.

The citizens of Eagle Pass, irrespective of party, met at the court-house last night to express the sentiments of this community on the untimely death of the Honorable WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN, once its honored Representative.

Judge Winchester Kelso was elected chairman and Maj. S. M. Simmons secretary.

After eulogistic remarks on the rare ability and charming personality of deceased, the following committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressing the sentiments of the meeting: J. M. Goggin, J. O. Williamson, W. Kelso, W. A. Fitch, A. H. Evans, and C. W. Hartup.

The committee afterwards presented the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, First, that this community has heard with profound sorrow of the death of our former Representative, the Hon. W. H. CRAIN.

"Second. That in the death of the Hon. W. H. CRAIN Texas has lost one of her noblest and best sons and a nation one of her ablest and wisest lawmakers.

"Third. That the sympathies of this entire community go out to the family of the deceased.

"Fourth. That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased and to the press."

While he was sincere in his political opinions and bold in asserting them, he never unnecessarily wounded the feelings of those who differed with him, and among his political opponents he numbered some of his best personal friends.

The Republican convention in Aransas County adopted the resolutions which I here append:

Be it resolved by the Republicans of Aransas County in convention assembled, That in the death of the Hon. WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN the citizenship of southwest Texas has lost a most polished, worthy, and able representative; that the Republicans of this district share and feel that loss and join with their Democratic friends in mourning the demise of one of Democracy's brightest minds and one of Republicanism's most honorable and talented foes; that a copy of this resolution be furnished the press of the State, and as a mark of our respectful sympathy the secretary is also instructed to transmit a copy to the family of the deceased.

He left to mourn his loss a wife, one of the purest and noblest women who ever blessed a home, and seven children, all bright and sensible, but most of them too young to battle with the world.

The grief-stricken mother must not only bear her burden of woe, but must also take the place of both parents.

Our friend had his faults, and no man more regretted and deplored them. None of us is exempt. "To err is human."

> No further seek his merits to disclose,
> Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode
> (There they alike in trembling hope repose).
> The bosom of his Father and his God.

Address of Mr. Walsh.

Mr. Walsh. Mr. Speaker, the last speech Mr. William H. Crain made and the very last words he uttered in this House illustrate two traits in his character which it must please his friends to recall.

"The Speaker will take care of me," were his last spoken words on this floor, evidently in response to some suggestion of a fellow-member not recorded, and they evince that courteous respect for authority, coupled with that gentle manliness characteristic of him under all circumstances.

His last speech was for the charitable institutions of the District of Columbia. In it he begged us to remember those whose tender hands had cooled the fevered brows of our brave soldiers after the disasters of the battlefield, and who are now devoting their lives to comforting the afflicted, feeding the hungry, and harboring the homeless. He endeavored to inspire us with the gratitude that was burning so intensely in his heart and to impart to us a compassion for the unfortunate as deep as his own.

These qualities, with others his friends will well remember, bring him so near the great English thinker's estimate of a gentleman that I may be pardoned for quoting his words. It was Ruskin who said that "a gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensations, and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies—one may say, fineness of nature. That is, of course, compatible with heroic bodily strength

and mental firmness. In fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy. Elephantine strength may drive its way through a forest and feel no touch of the boughs, but the white skin of Homer's Atridæ would have felt a bent rose leaf, yet subdue its feeling in glow of battle and behave itself like iron."

Who that saw his manly form and knew its sensitive nature; who that felt the generous warmth of his friendship, his uniform courtesy, the brilliance of his mental make-up and his tender sympathies, can fail to appreciate in his memory the man and the gentleman.

I will leave to those who knew him longer—who are more familiar with his political career—the opportunity to dwell on the causes of his success. Yet it is proper to recall the fact that he pursued his college career in a college situated within the limits of the district which I have the honor to represent, and while there he lived in the neighborhood where I have spent my life.

When we heard of his nomination for Congress in far-away Texas—his home State—we felt as keen an interest in his success as might any of his constituents; for while with us in the years when he was budding into manhood, when he was developing his best qualities of mind and heart, he became endeared to us, and when he bade us farewell, he left behind him a reputation for brightness of mind and cleanness of heart and generosity of soul which earned for him our ardent wishes for his future happiness and prosperity, and up to the very hour of his death we have been far from indifferent to his success.

We looked, in the nature of things, for a longer life, but the Almighty Providence, whose wisdom none will question, decreed the contrary.

For his friends in New York who were the companions of his early manhood, I pay this last tribute of respect to his memory.

For myself, I can only say that my association with him here was more than agreeable, and all too short. If there were any faults in his character, they lie buried with his body beneath the "sacred grass and the saddened flowers."

His charming personality, his scholarly attainments, his noble soul, his generous impulses, his tender sympathies, and his brightness of mind will live in our memories as the characteristics which we honored and loved in him and which should endure. May he rest in peace.

ADDRESS OF MR. COOPER.

Mr. COOPER, of Florida. Mr. Speaker, I shall not attempt any set speech or any formal eulogy of Mr. WILLIAM H. CRAIN. I wish merely to utter a few words, however inadequate, expressive of the esteem and the admiration which I feel for many of the qualities of the man. No one could come in contact with him without appreciating the fact that he was a cultivated gentleman. His manners were graceful, easy, simple, and unaffected. They came, as the best manners always do, from the heart within the man. One of his most notable characteristics was generosity. He was generous not merely in pecuniary matters, but generous of his time, generous of his information, generous of efforts for others, generous in all his intercourse with his associates and his fellow-men. Another admirable quality of the man was frankness. Whatever faults he had were apparent to all. He wore his heart upon his sleeve. There was naught of hypocrisy in his make-up. He possessed a fine mind, highly cultivated. He had as wide a fund of general information as most men in this House, and upon some special subjects he possessed as deep and as accurate information as any man on this floor, if not more. I did not know him as long as many here. My acquaintance with him began in the Fifty-third Congress, but I knew him long enough to appreciate many of his attractive, high, and noble qualities.

He was a man of sincere religious convictions, deeply attached to his Church. Like most men who have mingled much with the world, its temptations, and its distractions,

he may not always have reached his own ideal in a strict following of his own religious convictions, but his reverence for them was always deep and sincere. The last speech he made upon the floor of this House was in their defense, and among the last words he uttered was a deeply touching tribute to those pure and lovely devotees and ministrants of religion, the sisterhoods of the Catholic Church; and, indeed, it is a matter of sincere gratification to his friends to know that in his last hours he had the ministrations and the consolations of his religion. But words avail not; he is gone. May earth rest lightly and the grass grow green above him, for it is a noble heart that sleeps beneath.

ADDRESS OF MR. COOPER.

Mr. COOPER, of Texas. Mr. Speaker, it is not my purpose to detail the various incidents which collectively constitute the life history of the late member of this body whose memory we have met here to-day to honor. Of his biography others who have already spoken or who may yet speak are more competent to give account. Suffice it for me to say that, contrary to popular impression, the men who have made the most valuable contributions to the welfare of the human race, the men whose lives have most strongly influenced the current of contemporary history—the really great men of the world—were not always, perhaps not generally, those whose lives contained the most remarkable incident, the most sensational episode, the most wonderful vicissitude.

Our brother is gone. "The dull, cold ear of death" shall be his till it responds to the great roll call of the ages in the hour of the Last Judgment. Nothing that we may say or leave unsaid here to-day can or will be heard or recognized by him. Therefore we speak not to the dead, but to the living.

The life of our departed friend and fellow-legislator offers us some useful lessons to be applied in the shaping of our own personal life work.

Born a Texan, he spent his whole life among the people of his native State, and was at one time the only native-born Texan in her delegation in the National Congress.

Though a part of his youth was spent in the commercial metropolis of America, surrounded by all the alluring attractions of the most advanced civilization of the Western World, yet he exhibited the sturdiness of his patriotism and love for his native State by returning to her borders at the close of his collegiate career and engaging in the arduous and exacting labors of his profession, which ultimately brought him distinction among his people. While he might have imitated the example of many others by yielding to the blandishments of life in the progressive East, and might have thus secured a high measure of success amid its gayer and richer environment, he preferred to cast his lot with his people in the lonely and sparsely settled plains of the Gulf Coast; and there he helped them to build the foundations of that great Commonwealth whose progress has awakened the admiration and yet excited the apprehension of the older States of the East, and whose wonderful growth has threatened their political supremacy.

As he made his home, by choice, with the poor and humble (though proud, brave, and adventurous) settlers in a new land, where ambition and self-interest could find little food for hope, so he was always a consistent exponent of that high chivalry that pleads for the helpless, champions the fallen, and gives its sympathy and effort to those who are needy rather than to those who are able to repay with interest. In him the poor found a friend, the destitute a benefactor, the oppressed a defender. These are the qualities that appeal most strongly to the hearts of the masses. Xerxes, panoplied in golden armor, attended by a congress of subservient and tributary kings, and surrounded by all the paraphernalia and proofs of earthly power, might well excite the wonder or even the admiration of the world of

warriors that gathered around him as he stood upon the shores of the Bosphorus in the long ago and claimed dominion over the two continents that its waters divided; but the picture of Stonewall Jackson sleeping on a tattered blanket in a tentless field and rising at morn to share in the breakfast of corn bread and rye coffee that constituted the fare of his poorest soldiers—that submergence of self in the service of a great cause—reaches at once to the hearts of his followers on the fields of blood and his admirers throughout the world wherever men read history and admire unselfishness. Whatever else may be said of democracy, whatever other deductions may be made from its workings, we must concede that where it truly exists no man can long retain high public station unless he possess some of the great qualities that entitle men to success. Our deceased friend easily kept his place in this body and in the affections of his people year after year, campaign after campaign, and the secret of his popularity was his brilliancy of thought, his eloquence of speech, his magnetic influence, and his chivalric character. In this day of greed and selfishness this is no mean tribute to the memory of any man when measured by the higher standards of human worth.

In addition to his nobler qualities of mind and heart, our friend had his weaknesses, as who of us—who, anywhere—has not? It is neither true to fact nor any particular honor to the dead to deny, after death, those frailties that the dead themselves did not and would not deny or extenuate while living. He who would teach us that our deceased friend had no weaknesses, felt no temptations, stumbled not in his march through the allurements of life, would lift him at once above the plane of mortal men and above that sympathy which the world is ever ready to accord to the noble,

struggling, yielding, suffering weak. Of our departed friend it might well be said:

> Is it true, O Christ in Heaven,
> That the strongest suffer most?
> That the noblest wander farthest,
> And most hopelessly are lost?

But for him let it be said that it is a grander triumph for the man of warm and general impulses to walk, even with uncertain and stumbling steps, than it is for the cold, cynical, unfeeling man to pursue the path of right without deviation, because his icy nature makes him incapable of temptation. It is one of the most beautiful, because one of the most comforting, thoughts connected with Christian theology that when all the individuals of the human race shall be convened in one mighty throng around the Throne of God at the Last Judgment, we shall all be judged by One who "took upon himself our weaknesses and bore our infirmities," One who trod in the footsteps of our erring life, and who, though He yielded not to temptation even when offered all the kingdoms of this world, yet knew from experience the power of the influences that entice men away from the right.

If, then, we hope to enjoy charity of judgment from the Son of Man when our life work shall be unrolled before the gaze of Omniscience, how much more meet is it that with none but loving hands and broad charity should we lift the veil that covers from the eyes of the world the frailties of our dead brother. Without seeking to deny or minimize his shortcomings, let us speak of them in tones of sympathy and regret, and with a felt, even if unspoken, prayer that we may profit by his errors and be saved from the inherited weaknesses of our own natures.

While our friend may not have attained international celebrity, let us not conclude that his life was not a success. The true measure of success is the work that we do for the generations to come—for posterity, for humanity. He has not lived in vain who has filled the full measure of his opportunities, who has justly exercised his means of serving his fellow-man, who has contributed something to the progress and happiness of humanity. In the laboriously framed fabric of national greatness, woven and interwoven with the threads of complicated purposes, conflicting interests, and mutual concession, no one man's work is easily separated from that of his fellows. Where so many have contributed to a nation's greatness and a nation's glory, it is difficult to mete out to each actor his proportionate share of credit for what it is or blame for what it is not; but the statutes of this country and the personal observation of many members of this body show that our friend and fellow-legislator played no unimportant part in the accomplishment of much that was and is good. His eloquent voice was heard and his personal vote and general influence were cast for what he believed to be the greatest good of his people and his country. Along the stream of his life work lie no stupendous cataracts whose reverberations tell the world he lived; but the current of his influence moved quietly and steadily on toward the achievement of his aim—the ocean of his country's glory and greatness.

Let us honor our dead by imitating his fidelity to trust and his chivalry of soul. Let us utilize his life even in his death by drawing from it lessons that may ennoble our own lives. Duty above selfishness, the use for the public good of the opportunities given us by the voice of the people—let these be our aims. And in the execution of these high

aims may we find in our entire consecration to public duty the surest safeguard against the temptations that beset him and us, and as a result of this consecration may we secure the highest reward attainable for duty well performed—the approbation of conscience and the deserved applause of the people we are here to represent.

ADDRESS OF MR. BELL.

Mr. BELL, of Texas. Mr. Speaker, we to-day pay tribute to the memory of one who has been called from among us in the full vigor of matured manhood, and who it might reasonably have been expected would have been spared to his family, his friends, and his country for many years. He had already accomplished much, but apparently he had barely reached the beginning of the broader career of usefulness and honor for which he seemed destined and for which he was so well fitted.

The beginning of my personal acquaintance with Mr. WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN was of recent date, but I had long known of him as one of the gifted sons of his native State, upon which he reflected so much credit, whom all delighted to honor, and in whose well-earned triumphs we took a just pride.

At an age at which most lawyers are regarded as mere tyros in the profession, Mr. CRAIN became the prosecuting attorney of his district, and by his courteous demeanor, his fair and honorable conduct, and the vigorous and eminently successful manner in which he discharged the duties incumbent upon him, he established himself in the confidence and esteem and gained a hold upon the affection of the people of his section of the State which was never impaired.

As a State senator, he soon became widely known as a man of dauntless courage, of tireless energy, of unquestionable integrity, of excellent judgment, and as the most eloquent speaker and readiest debater among the young leaders who were then forging to the front; and it was not strange that the members of his political party, which had suffered

defeat in his Congressional district at the previous election, should have turned instinctively to him as the one person to bear their banner, and to whom they were willing to intrust the task of restoring their supremacy. He was nominated without opposition as the candidate of his party, and was triumphantly elected a member of the Forty-ninth Congress and of each succeeding one.

Of his work here, much has been and more might be said. The courtly manners and chivalrous courtesy which had characterized him in all the walks of life, the felicity with which he could express himself in debate, his pleasing address and happy faculty of forming acquaintances and making friends, soon caused Mr. CRAIN to become one of the best and most favorably known members of this body.

Why he should have been called away in the very prime of life, we can not understand. We can only deplore his loss and extend to his bereaved wife and fatherless children our sympathy. While we realize that no words of ours can

> Soothe the dull, cold ear of death,

it will be some consolation to them to know that others share their sorrow; that others who knew him far from home and kindred had learned to love him, and that they cherish his memory.

To us, the comrades in his labors, his sudden and unexpected death should teach a solemn lesson. We are reminded that we, too, must respond to the summons to join the innumerable caravan, and that we should prepare for a higher, nobler, better, and eternal life.

ADDRESS OF MR. EDDY.

Mr. EDDY. Mr. Speaker, "In the midst of life we are in death." The truth of the quotation just uttered was never more strikingly illustrated than in the fate of the man to whose memory we to-day do honor.

One day standing on the floor of this House in the full flush of vigorous manhood, his voice ringing forth like a clarion in proclamation of what he believed was right, justice, and for the best interests of humanity, the next report was inwafted upon the unwilling ears of his associates here that he was in the grasp of fell disease, and yet the next and the black, somber draping of his accustomed seat, surmounted by a white wreath of flowerets, symbolical of hope, proclaimed to us in language impressively eloquent by its very silence that the stalwart frame was cold in death, that the eloquent voice was for aye hushed, and that the immortal spirit of WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN had passed from the brief here into the never-ending hereafter, and that as a fellow-mortal in earthly avocation we should meet and greet him no more forever.

The story of his life's vicissitudes is eventful and interesting, but I leave its recital to those who were more intimately associated with him in his career than I.

He was a leader among men, but the task of describing his great qualities of leadership I leave to those who have followed where he led in the great battle of politics.

He was an orator bounteously endowed by nature with matchless powers of eloquence, ripened almost into perfection by years of training and experience in public life, but

to those who have many times and often listened to his ringing sentences I leave the task of describing his wonderful abilities and powers as an orator.

Mr. CRAIN was to me a stranger. In the brief time we were associates on the floor of this House I never had the honor of addressing to him a single word in conversation or of grasping his hand in an introductory clasp.

But scenes and pictures oftentimes appear upon the panorama of passing events that enable a stranger instantaneously to judge the character of a fellow-stranger in certain lines better, far better and more accurately, than a lifetime of intimate acquaintance would enable him to judge, and such an opportunity was afforded me to so judge him.

The only public utterance that I ever heard Mr. CRANE make was when he stood up in his place and painted such a vivid word picture of battle that we could hear the rattle of the drum, the blare of the trumpet, the shrill notes of the bugle, and the scream of the fife cheering men on to carnage, and the deep resonant tones of commanding officers as they urged their men to stand firm.

So vivid was the picture that we could see long lines of infantry marching and countermarching; could see the smoke of their muskets and hear the whistle of bullets as they sped on their mission of death. We could see batteries of artillery galloping into position with almost automatic precision, could hear the reverberating roar of the pieces as they belched forth their awful missiles of annihilation, hear the rattle of grape and canister, the crash of solid shot, and the wild shriek of the shell. Spellbound by his magic eloquence, we saw the charging squadrons of horsemen meet in battle shock, and could hear the very clash of steel as saber clanked against saber in the terrible music of death.

Then, with the hand of a master, he shifted the scenes, and we beheld with horror the awful ravages of war, after deadly battle, where Americans had met Americans on the red field of conflict in fratricidal strife, and by the pale moonlight, so vivid was the description, we could see rows upon rows of dead warriors and thousands of shot-torn, saber-slashed, mangled, and wounded fellow-men lying on the carnage-swept field.

Then his voice sank into the pathos of inexpressible tenderness as he described, with such startling reality that before our eyes we could see them there, the black-robed Sisters, ministering angels of the Church he loved so well, flitting to and fro among the stricken ones, closing the eyes of the dead, moistening the lips of the dying, and bandaging the torn and mangled with women's tender fingers—black-robed Sisters, with vision keen as eagle's to discover suffering, but with eyes so stricken with the color-blindness of heavenly charity that they were utterly unable to discover whether the recipients of their kindly ministrations wore the gray of the Confederacy or the blue of the Union.

And when he closed with splendid peroration, the curtains of his secret soul were rolled away, and a grand and noble trait of character stood revealed in Mr. CRAIN, the most godlike trait that mortal man can possess—a deep and abiding love for his fellow-man and a boundless sympathy for oppressed humanity.

And when the funeral train bearing all that was mortal of the Congressman, speeding southward, reached the borders of his native State, evidences of his love and sympathy for his fellow-man multiplied—for love and sympathy always beget love and sympathy in return—and the uncovered crowds that watched the cortége pass by bore upon

their faces that wan and disconsolate expression that one sees upon the faces of those who stand by the grave of a friend.

When we reached the beautiful city of Cuero, his home for many years, the throng of people that so sadly awaited our arrival bore upon their faces that look of sad and desolate loneliness that one sees upon the faces of those who have lost one dearer than a friend.

Loving hands bore him from the funeral train to his modest residence, and there in state he lay; and multitudes of people—white, black, rich, poor, of all conditions of life, old men and women tottering on staves, men and women in life's autumn time, husbands and wives in the full vigor of noontide existence, youths and maidens, little children led by the hand—came to look once more and for the last time upon the features of him they had loved and honored. No idle motive of curiosity prompted them thus to come. Grief—deep, all-pervading grief—was the impelling force that moved them to look again upon him they loved so well in life. Sorrow, heartfelt sorrow, was everywhere manifest, and the tears of those who knew him longest and knew him best that that day fell upon his casket constituted a eulogy more eloquent than mortal lips can utter.

As I gazed upon the sorrow-stricken features of those who stood around his bier the beautiful poem of Leigh Hunt came to my mind:

> Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
> Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
> And saw within the moonlight of his room,
> Making it rich, and like a lilly in bloom,
> An angel writing in a book of gold.
> Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
> And to the presence in the room he said:
> "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,

And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" asked Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said: "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light
And showed the names of those whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

I would not have you think that Mr. CRAIN was a perfect man. No doubt he had failings many, for he was mortal; no doubt he had faults numerous, for he was, like us, human. But when I saw the fond remembrance in which he was held by friends and neighbors, I doubted not but that in God's great ledger, the only account book where mistakes are never made and where errors never creep in, over against the name of WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN, written in letters of brightest gold, were the words: "He loved his fellow-men."

After brief but impressive services in the church where, with wife and loved ones, he oft had worshiped, he was borne, sadly borne, to burial. Deep in the bosom of his much-loved State they laid him down to rest and to await the Archangel's summons. Peace, peace to his ashes.

No stately column need be raised to perpetuate his memory among the sons of Texas or their descendants. In the hearts of Texans he has left a monument much more lasting than marble tomb or time-enduring granite shaft.

Address of Mr. McDearmon.

Mr. McDearmon. Mr. Speaker, it was not my privilege to enjoy an intimate social acquaintance with the distinguished gentleman whose life and character we are considering. I had the honor to serve with him in the Fifty-third Congress and until his death in this, but my personal associations with him did not extend beyond a passing acquaintance and a few casual conversations. I was, however, attracted by his courtly bearing, knightly courtesy, and distinguished mien upon my first entrance into this body as a member, and I soon discovered that he was one of the leading spirits of the exceptionally able body of men, as a whole, who composed the membership of this House in the Fifty-third Congress. His commanding appearance, melodious voice, polished manner, vigorous and impassioned but faultlessly classical language, his clear, logical, and forceful arguments, always commanded the closest attention of the House, challenging the respect of his political opponents, the delight and pride of his friends, and the admiration and applause of all. William H. Crain was, in the true sense of the word, an orator. He possessed a vivid and towering imagination. His mind had been well trained in his early youth, and when I first knew him it had become richly laden with varied and valuable information. He had drunk deep at the fountain of knowledge and was endowed with its rarest fruits. His ability to clothe the most commonplace thoughts in the choicest rhetoric was striking and remarkable. His long

experience as a member of this body and his familiarity with public affairs, coupled with his general information, enabled him to bear a leading and honorable part in all of the great discussions which made the Fifty-third Congress memorable.

He never failed to illumine any subject which he debated or to instruct and enlighten his hearers with his incisive and lucid arguments or to entrance them with his matchless eloquence. While my social intercourse with him was limited, as I have stated, yet I recall several little incidents with which he was connected which gave me an insight into his character, which, together with what I have learned about him since his death, convinces me that he was a man of the most scrupulous integrity and chivalric honor, and that his lofty soul was incapable of a low thought or an ignoble act. He impressed me as being a man of superb moral and physical courage; a high-spirited, cultured, dignified, and accomplished gentleman in every sense of that too often abused term.

When the proceedings of this House were interrupted last February by the solemn and startling announcement that WILLIAM H. CRAIN, who had so recently been an active and prominent participant in the discussion of the grave questions which then engaged our attention, was dead, that he had been suddenly cut down in the prime of his splendid manhood, had journeyed to that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns," we had another and a deeply impressive reminder and admonition that we are all sojourners here, and that sooner or later we too must lay down our life's work, whether finished or unfinished, perchance as abruptly and unexpectedly as did he.

I was unusually shocked by the announcement of Mr. CRAIN'S death, and was very soon thereafter designated as one of the committee appointed by the Chair to escort his remains to his far-off home in southern Texas.

Our long, sad journey on the funeral train, deeply draped in the gloomy habiliments of death, in its rapid flight through the great Commonwealths of Old Virginia, the two Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas, ever and anon flitting past historic spots, where in the not long ago great armies of Americans contended in bloody strife with brother Americans; the lamentations of the stricken widow and orphans; the sweetly solemn and peculiarly impressive ceremonies and sermon by the Catholic clergy in the church where he was accustomed to worship, and by the open grave on the hillside where we left our brother asleep, all conspired to awaken in my mind the deepest emotions of sympathy for those who wept, and to lead me to contemplate the life and character of him whose remains it became my sad duty to help to bury. The many noble traits of character and manly attributes which characterized our departed brother have been lovingly described and eloquently portrayed by his distinguished colleagues, whose good fortune it was to know him as a companion and to love him as a friend. His brilliant achievements as a statesman and valuable public services to his State and to the nation during his long and honorable career as a member of this House have been graphically and faithfully recounted by those who served with him from his advent into public life, and who witnessed his labors and rejoiced at his glorious triumphs.

But his votes and public utterances are transcribed in the imperishable archives of the several Congresses in whose

proceedings he took part. They belong to his country and are a part of its heritage, and will be interwoven into its glorious history. In all the important measures which have engaged the attention of Congress during the last twelve years, many of which have materially affected the welfare and destiny of our country, his influence has been felt and his voice has been heard in advocacy of the right and in condemnation of the wrong. I doubt whether the speeches of any other of the many able and eloquent statesmen whose footprints are interspersed through the volumes of the Congressional Record will, in beauty and purity of diction, rhetorical graces and polish, together with vigorous arguments and sound logic, surpass those of Mr. CRAIN. Generations that are to follow will take our places when we are gone and will pass impartial judgment upon his actions and ours by the transcript of our spoken words and registered votes as we leave them upon record.

Mr. CRAIN has had his entrance and his exit. His gentle spirit, which made others happier by its charming influence, came upon earth, dwelt among men for a brief season, and departed as mysteriously as it came. The light of his genius dazzled and bewitched us during his sojourn, and when it was extinguished, the world seemed darker for a time.

He was fondly loved by those who knew him intimately. Throngs of his constituents and friends from far and near, including the governor of the State and his staff, came on special trains to testify of their grief and to mourn at the grave of their friend and leader. The entire population of his home, the beautiful and picturesque city of Cuero, paid affectionate tribute to his memory by attending en masse his funeral, while many tears and sobs testified that true

hearts sincerely mourned the death of one they fondly loved. I feel, Mr. Speaker, that this House has lost a valuable and able member, the country a loyal and patriotic citizen, and the world a noble man by the death of WILLIAM H. CRAIN. I reverently offer this poor tribute to his memory. Peace to his ashes.

Address of Mr. Milnes.

Mr. Milnes. Mr. Speaker, it became my sad duty, by your appointment, to accompany the remains of the Honorable William H. Crain to their last resting place, to his home in Texas, there to be given a Christian burial among his relatives and friends, and I have now been asked to submit a few remarks in respect to his memory. It was not my pleasure to be intimately acquainted with our deceased brother. In fact, I never had the pleasure of being formally introduced to him, and therefore can not say as much of his personality, as can those who knew him well and were his associates in his long and honorable career in this body.

That he was a man of great learning and ability, ever ready to serve his constituents and fight manfully for their rights, is fully evidenced by the official records of this House. That his services were duly appreciated by his constituents his return to Congress for so many consecutive terms fully testifies.

One of the best things that can be said of any man is that those who knew him best—those among whom he was born and grew up to manhood, those among whom and with whom he has spent his whole life—loved him, honored him, and believed him worthy of every confidence and trust. And this was emphatically the case with him whose memory we commemorate to-day.

Mr. Crain was a native of the great State of Texas. He grew up on its mighty plains, in its genial climate, and among the liberty-loving and generous people of that great

State, beloved and honored by all its people. It was they who recognized his worth and ability; it was they who elected him district attorney while yet a very young man. It was his neighbors and friends who sent him to represent them in the senate of his native State at the age of 28 years. It was those who knew him and appreciated his great learning and ability who sent him to represent them in this Hall during the Forty-ninth Congress and returned him at every Congressional election thereafter up to the present. No man served his constituency more loyally than he. No man in either House of Congress was more beloved than he who has gone to his last resting place.

That he had his faults, no one will attempt to deny; but who has not faults? That he had many virtues, all who knew him bear testimony.

During our long journey through the sunny Southland, and especially when we reached his native State and Congressional district, the people gathered in vast multitudes, regardless of party or sect, to view the funeral train and to show respect to the remains of their Representative and friend. Thousands of people all along the route through Texas at every station stood with uncovered heads to pay the last sad tribute of regard to our departed friend and brother.

When the funeral train arrived at Cuero, the beautiful little city where for so many years he had resided with his interesting family, every business house was closed, and the people turned out en masse to receive the mortal remains of their neighbor and friend. It was, indeed, a sad home-coming. It was a great and sad bereavement to his stricken family. But the high respect and love borne for him by those who knew him best were shown on every hand.

His funeral was largely attended, not only by the people of his Congressional district, but by prominent men throughout the State. The governor of Texas, together with his staff, came to pay their last respects.

The Catholic bishop of the diocese and other clergy came to assist at his funeral and to give words of consolation and cheer to his bereaved family, and thousands of men and women, representing all classes of people, stood around the open grave and dropped a silent tear to his memory.

Nothing we can say or do here to-day will add to or take from the record he made for himself and his country during that long period in which he was in its service. We can only pay our last tribute to his memory.

He has gone to that home beyond the great river, and where in the course of nature we, too, will soon follow him.

Let us remember all that was good and true in his nature, and forget those frailties and shortcomings which universally afflict mankind, and from which none of us escape.

Farewell, our brother! Sleep peacefully beneath thy native sod. Sleep on until that great day when all who sleep shall arise and be judged by a righteous judgment by Him who knoweth our inmost motives and actions, and who rewardeth according to merit. Again, farewell!

Address of Mr. Crowley.

Mr. Crowley. Mr. Speaker, the custom prevailing in the House of Representatives, when Death stalks in its midst and carries away any of its members, to memorialize the life, character, and doings of the dead is a beautiful one, notwithstanding the manifest disposition of many distinguished members of this body to abolish memorial services. I still say it is a beautiful custom, and long may it last!

The man whose memory we honor to-day by this custom, William Henry Crain, was born in the city of Galveston, Tex., November 25, 1848. He was the first native son of the Lone Star State who had the distinction of representing this great State in Congress, and until this Congress the only one. His father dying in Galveston, in 1854 he was sent to relatives residing in New York City, who placed him at the Christian Brothers' school until he was 14, when he entered St. Francis Xavier College, and graduated from that famous institution of learning July 1, 1867, being valedictorian of his class.

After an absence of twelve years in the North, young Crain returned to Texas. For two years he lived on a ranch, worked as a cowboy, rode wild horses and drove cattle, and performed all the duties pertaining to a cowboy on a ranch; but, growing tired of that life, he moved to Indianola, then a thriving city in Texas, and there taught school. While teaching, he studied law with Messrs. Stockdale & Proctor, and was admitted to the bar and licensed to practice in 1871.

In July, 1873, he married Miss Angelina G. Mitchell,

daughter of Capt. I. N. Mitchell, of Indianola. The result of this union, living to-day, is six children, four boys and two girls, namely: Frank, Viva, William Henry, James Kerr, Newton Mitchell, and Mary, varying in age from 7 to 21 years.

In 1872 he was elected district attorney of the Twenty-third judicial district and served until 1876. In this position he, by his brilliancy and versatility, soon attracted attention, making for himself in this office a splendid record. When he entered on the discharge of the duties of his office, the country was overrun with malefactors of every description. When he retired from office, nearly all such characters had left that section of the country, and law had taken the place of lawlessness. Owing to the arduous duties attendant upon this position, and being somewhat shattered in health, he refused a reelection to the office of district attorney, but accepted a nomination by the Democratic party as State senator to represent the Seventh district, to which position he was elected practically without opposition. In that body he was an active worker, taking high rank for a young man, and even at that time was looked upon as one of the coming men of the State. Owing to change of residence, he resigned after a single session.

He then removed to Hallettsville and practiced his profession with Col. S. C. Patten for four years. Here he was successful, and soon built up a large and lucrative practice. While an active member of the Democratic party, and always useful and untiring in his efforts for his ambitious friends, he was not an aspirant for any office, but was prevailed upon on account of his oratorical ability to serve as an elector for the State at large on the Hancock ticket in 1880.

Prior to 1882 he removed to Cuero, Dewitt County, which under the apportionment of 1881 was placed in the Seventh Congressional district. Here he formed a law partnership with the Honorable Rudolph Kleberg, who was recently elected to fill his unexpired term in this Congress. While this partnership was never dissolved, it was merely nominal after his election to Congress in 1884. He represented the Seventh Congressional district continuously until 1892, when a redistricting of the State placed him in the Eleventh. This last district he represented since its formation. He never attended but one convention at which he was a candidate, notwithstanding that at times there was a good deal of opposition. He was elected to the Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, Fifty-first, Fifty-second, Fifty-third, and Fifty-fourth Congresses. At the expiration of this Congress it was his purpose, had he lived, to decline further service in public life, and so announced to his constituency several months prior to his death. His most bitter enemies have always accorded to him honesty of purpose and the courage of his convictions.

He possessed the love and confidence of his constituents to a remarkable degree, and was a political power in his section of the State. He was an able lawyer, a forceful and eloquent speaker, and charmed all with his magnetism and close reasoning. He was open and candid, and never hesitated to express his opinion.

On the 4th of February, just six days before his death, he made a beautiful impromptu speech—his last on the floor of this House—which was characteristic of the man, as it was an appeal for the charitable institutions of the District of Columbia. It is a literary gem, equal to anything

I have ever read, which I quote from the Congressional Record:

Mr. Chairman, going back thirty or thirty-five years, a war was waged for the dissolution of this Union. Soldiers innumerable on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line flocked to the standards of what they considered right. The reverberations of cannon echoed down the valleys of Virginia. Swords and muskets asserted their supremacy. Brother fought against brother; soldier on one side against soldier on the other. As the soldiers went down on the side of the Union, there came upon the battlefields the white-winged messengers of peace, robed in the raiments of mercy and charity, and many a parched tongue and parched throat accepted the ministrations of those pure, beautiful creatures, who, protected by soldiers and officers, as well as by the President of the United States, the great, grand, and lamented Lincoln, came and ministered to them. Was there any question then on the part of the gentleman from Nebraska as to granting those emissaries of mercy a commission to fulfill their errand to those soldiers? Did he then protest, or did those whom he now represents rise in their might and protest against the charitable work of those angelic forms in human shape? No, Mr. Chairman, not one word of protest was uttered then. Yet the representatives of the descendants of the men who were assisted by those lovely women come here to-day and protest—in the name of what? Infidelity against religion!

Mr. Chairman, in view of the fact that this committee has put on record its vote in favor of the appropriation for the National Association for the Relief of Destitute Colored Women and Children (for which I voted), in view of the fact that that is an assertion on our part that the institution is not private in its character and is nonsectarian, although according to the statement of the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations it is in no wise different from the one now before us for consideration, I fail to see how our Republican brethren can vote against the appropriation.

His interest in the future development of southwestern Texas is shown by the following excerpt from a speech delivered at Corpus Christi on Tuesday, March 24, 1891 :

The people of the North and West want to find a more congenial climate than they now enjoy in their present homes. They are well aware that no such climate and soil can be found anywhere in the world as are found within the confines of the State of Texas. Deep water in itself would not build up and develop this country. We had a Northern invasion many years ago, and our fathers, sons, and brothers bared their breasts to repel the invaders. But that era has happily passed, and times have changed. We want another Northern invasion, and we will receive the invaders with open arms and shouts of joy. We want them to come with their wives, families, and kinfolk. We want them to come and stay with us—be one of us—and help develop the resources of the country.

The population of Texas has nearly doubled in the last decade, and it can go on and double for the next decade and the next and the next, and still there will be room for more industrious settlers in this grand empire. All these settlers will contribute to the wealth and upbuilding of the country, and will furnish export cargoes for the ships of the world that will enter our deep-water ports a few years hence. Without these settlers Texas would not derive any great benefit to the State at large from deep water. It is the back country after all that makes great cities, and it is the grand back country of the whole Union that has created and maintained the large commercial cities along the Atlantic seaboard. Without the back country these cities could not have been created or maintained. We want the hardy young blood of the North and Northwest planted in the virgin soil of Texas, and we want lots of it. Give us half a million industrious farmers, mechanics, and artisans in the next few years and southwest Texas will leap forward with a bound that will astonish the world. They are surely coming, and you should welcome them and bid them join hands with you and lend nature a helping hand. Cut up your pastures into small tracts, sell them to the man with the hoe, and prosperity will

follow in his tracks. He will have to exchange the products of the soil for merchandise brought hither by rail and water. He will raise a family, and every member will be both a partner and a consumer, and the wealth of the country will be increased proportionately.

Mr. CRAIN was a ripe scholar, and shortly before his death was paid a compliment by that eminent educationist and great scholar, Dr. William Everett, of Massachusetts, in reply to a communication from a gentleman in this city, who wrote to know if Dr. Everett had been correctly quoted in expressing his appreciation of the former's ability to handle his mother tongue. This was the reply:

QUINCY, MASS., *December 26, 1895.*

MY DEAR SIR: You were not misinformed. My seat was very near Mr. CRAIN'S, and I had constant opportunities to hear him, both in conversation and debate. His English was simply faultless, copious, correct, natural, without a trace of vulgarity, provincialism, or pedantry, the language of a cultivated gentleman, who respected his mother tongue as well as mastering it. I avoid comparisons, but it was a delight to me to hear anyone talk whose language would satisfy every community and every person whereof English is the native speech.

Yours, very truly,

WILLIAM EVERETT.

EDWARD SMITH, Esq.

The admiration which Mr. CRAIN had won in early life as an entertaining and amiable companion in private society increased with his years. Those who knew him not within the circle of friendship knew him only by halves. He was always what he appeared, the scholar and the gentleman, the entertaining and instructive companion; polite, yet friendly; social, yet respectful. In his friendships he was strong, firm, and unalterable. He had great benevolence, enlarged ideas of philanthropy, and no tongue or pen can

do him more justice than his own kind deeds for men, women, and children, and those deeds are usually outdone by the doing.

He was at his post of duty when suddenly taken ill on Thursday afternoon, February 6, suffering severely from a cold contracted at the Southern Relief Society ball on the night of February 4, and died of pneumonia on the Monday following, in the meridian of a most useful life. His death was a shock to the House, to his constituency, and to me a personal bereavement.

Mr. CRAIN was not unmindful of his end, yet seemed not to dread it, but patiently and placidly waited the hour appointed to all living, and as the dawn was breaking he peacefully passed to eternal rest. Thus died WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN, on Monday, February 10, 1896. On the same night the committee of the two Houses of Congress with the remains of the great Texas statesman started on the long sad journey to his far-distant home.

From Houston his venerable and sorrow-stricken mother, with delegations of his friends and constituents from the surrounding country, accompanied the body to his home and family. As the draped car passed through the towns of the district he loved so well, sorrow was plainly seen upon the faces of the people, for the voice of their eloquent and chivalrous Representative was now hushed forever.

He was buried in the cemetery at Cuero, his home. The sun shone bright and clear on that day, but it brought no delight to the eyes, no cheer to the hearts, of his friends. Flags hung from every pole at half-mast, business was suspended, and the schools were closed to enable the children of his home to look for the last time upon his intellectual face and to witness the commitment to Mother Earth of the

body of this noble son of Texas. Tributes were offered and resolutions were adopted throughout the State expressive of the sorrow of the people. Courts were adjourned, and respect was paid to his memory by bench, bar, and press.

Judge Robert B. Green, a distinguished jurist of San Antonio, Tex., said:

I unhesitatingly say that I believe he is the most brilliant man Texas ever sent to Washington. I know of no man upon whom nature bestowed more of her gifts, and in an intimate acquaintance with him I never knew him to exercise any of his great gifts except for the good of his fellow-men. He was very strong as an advocate, and particularly strong in legislative and parliamentary bodies. His personal magnetism, coupled with great abilities, made him a most useful member of Congress, and he was of especial value to our section of the State. He accomplished and was instrumental in accomplishing many works that tend to the material progress of our State, and upon many of the future gigantic developments of our particular section the corner stones thereof should have inscribed the name of WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN.

I can not properly pen the estimate that should be placed upon him as a companion, citizen, public servant, and man. It would require one of his rare qualities and gifted powers to write a suitable eulogy to his memory. Suffice it to say, that he used his magnificent endowment by nature for the good and honor of his State and district, and that he was eminently a useful man.

Judge Thomas M. Paschal, of Texas, a colleague of his in the last Congress, wrote thus:

To say that this gifted and useful son of Texas was without faults, faults that marred the harmonious whole and symmetry of his character, would be to say what he least of all would have had insincerely said of him; but it can be truthfully said that the one human being who could most seriously complain of them was WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN himself. Over none in Texas or in Congress who have crossed the great river and now rest beneath the shade of the trees will the mantle of charity be more

completely drawn than over him. At the foot of none will be laid more lasting or genuine tribute; and his friends will ever shed a tear as his name is spoken or his words and deeds remembered.

The press of the State which had honored him, and which he had honored, laid tributes of grief and sorrow on his bier. I quote the following from the Laredo News:

To pay tribute to this man is the duty of every man who called him friend. To those from whom he differed, both in politics and religion, he accorded the greatest freedom, and expected nothing less than he gave, and even Pythias had nothing to teach him in friendship. Could it be possible that such a man could go to that that mind could not conceive without a requiem in moans? "Let the dead past bury its dead," and no man who admires all that goes to make up a noble manhood will deny the tribute, "This was a man!" With all his faults, where shall we find his equal?

The El Paso Times said:

His bitterest enemies have always accorded to him honesty of purpose and the courage of his convictions. Mr. CRAIN will live in the pale moonlight of memory, and his name will shine resplendent in the list of patriots who have crossed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees.

To his political promises he was constant as the polar star. By his friends, through calm and storm, he stood like the granite hills. He knew the people; the people knew him. Many times he was their standard bearer. He was never defeated, and never surrendered until he bowed his head in death.

And now he sleeps in the breast of the mother State he loved and served so well. Farewell, friend CRAIN! Your life's battle is over. May thy soul find sweet rest in the sleep of the dead, and when the morning light breaks on resurrection day, may your soul ascend to that abode above, where all is peace and all is love.

Address of Mr. Fitzgerald.

Mr. Fitzgerald. Mr. Speaker, it was not my privilege to enjoy a very intimate acquaintance with William Henry Crain, but the short acquaintance I had with him endeared him to me very strongly. I think I do not go beyond the bounds of reason and fairness when I say that he was truly one of God's noblemen. The gentlemen who have preceded me and who have uttered words of earnest eulogy were, most of them, much more intimately acquainted with him than I was. They have told you, in beautiful and expressive language, of his career at college, how his kindly nature and his broad and generous sympathies endeared him to every member of his class, and how at that early age he gave promise of future greatness. They have followed his course in the days of his early manhood in his native State. They have told you of his service as district attorney, an office which demands the exercise of the best judgment and sometimes of the stern spirit of justice, and they have described how in that capacity he was first of all true to the Commonwealth, true to the people, and how, regardless of friend or foe, he always meted out exact justice. They have described his career as a leader in the senate of Texas, and told you how he then manifested the same abilities and qualities which afterwards made him eminent in this House.

He became a member of this body in the year 1884. By his ability, by his knowledge of public affairs, by his wisdom, his forethought, and his judgment he soon became a prominent factor in the House of Representatives. I

remember when, by reason of ill health, I was absent from the deliberations of this body on the occasion of the first debate on the District appropriation bill, I read the sentiments spoken by Mr. CRAIN on this floor—words which have been quoted by the gentleman who has preceded me—and I remember how proud and happy I felt that there was in this Chamber a man holding the same religious views which I held, belonging to the same Church to which I belonged, who was ready to stand up here to defend her principles and defend her sons and daughters when unjustly attacked. But that was to be expected from Mr. CRAIN. He was always loyal and devoted to his Church, always loyal and devoted to her teachings. In all the debates in which he participated in this body he showed himself to be one of the keenest observers, one of the best informed members, one who had always the interests of the whole people in view, one who could at all times be depended upon to cast his vote in the interest of justice and of broad humanity.

The gentleman who has preceded me read to the House a few moments ago the graceful tribute paid by Dr. Everett to the beauty of the diction and the rhetoric of Mr. CRAIN. Nothing that I could say would add to that, and I will not attempt to make any addition to it other than to say that such a tribute from such a source, coming from a man in my own State whose abilities in that line are recognized to be among the most eminent in our Commonwealth, is highly honorable and must be very gratifying to those who hold the memory of Mr. CRAIN in admiring and affectionate remembrance.

Mr. Speaker, WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN is no more. He died in this beautiful city of Washington during the cold,

bleak days of winter. His body lies entombed beneath the green fields of Texas. The flowers of spring now grow and blush above his grave, and we, the members of this House, gather here to-day to pay tribute to his noble qualities. In closing, let me say, Mr. Speaker, that it seems to me that Boyle O'Reilly typified such a man as Mr. CRAIN most eloquently when he wrote the beautiful lines which end—

Come brothers; here was a teacher,
And the lessons he taught were good;
There are no classes or races,
But one human brotherhood.

There are no creeds to be outlawed,
No color of skin debarred;
Mankind is one in his rights and wrongs—
One right, one hope, one guard.

Address of Mr. Milliken.

Mr. Milliken. Mr. Speaker, I was not apprised until a few moments before I entered the Hall that there were to be eulogies this afternoon upon our departed colleague, William Henry Crain, and therefore I have not prepared myself to say anything formally; but still I can not forego this opportunity of paying my tribute of respect to the memory of a man who during more than ten years in this House commanded my admiration and affection. My early acquaintance with Mr. Crain, upon his entering Congress, sprang from a very peculiar coincidence. Before he was born, and when I had been born but a little while, my father, William Milliken, of Montville, Me., went to Texas. He built a number of houses at Port Lavaca. During his first year there the Comanche Indians, who were then very strong and very hostile to the whites, raided the town, scalped the men, violated the women, and set the town on fire. Those who could do so took to boats and vessels to secure their safety.

On the same boat with my father was a very beautiful and accomplished girl. Eight years afterwards, having been married, there was born to her a boy; and in the Forty-ninth Congress, that boy, having grown to manhood, I met as a colleague in the Hall of the House of Representatives. It was William H. Crain, our departed colleague and friend. His mother, a very charming lady, was in Washington several years ago, and recollected the Indian raid upon Port Lavaca and all its terrible details, which of course were most interesting history to me. The coincidence to which I have referred attracted me to Mr. Crain, gave me

a personal interest in him, a feeling of warm friendship for him, and I became more intimate with him on that account than I should otherwise have been. It was an intimacy that was always most gratifying to myself, for I found him to be one of the most lovable characters that I had ever had the good fortune to know.

Mr. CRAIN was a brave, honest, earnest man. His handsome face, his fine physique, his manly bearing, his uniform courtesy and kindness, and his generous nature could not fail to make him attractive to everyone who had a heart and a mind to admire that which is good and beautiful.

Even if I were ever so well prepared, I am sure, Mr. Speaker, that I could not say anything that would be satisfactory to myself on this occasion. There are times in human life when the feelings which well up in the heart can not find adequate expression in words. When the devout Christian stands by the altar and partakes of the bread and wine which to him, if to no one else, is the blood and body of the Saviour whom he worships, and in whose pure life and painful, tragic death he thinks he sees his only hope of a happy life beyond the grave, he does it in subdued tones or in silence. When the Mohammedan, at the setting of the sun, kneels down and makes his orisons, he does it in utterance inaudible; and when a man stands by the deathbed of a friend, or thinks of him as we do to-day of having gone over the dark and shadowy river, tears alone are his natural language. So, while I would gladly pay to our deceased and lamented colleague a tribute such as I feel and such as he deserves, it is not possible for me to do so.

He has gone to return to us no more upon the shores of time. We shall see his incomings and outgoings no longer. His eloquent voice has been hushed. The charm of his

material presence we shall not feel here again. But I know that the influence of his noble qualities of mind and heart will ever linger with us as lingers the perfume of a sweet flower even when we have long parted from it. We will cherish his memory as a possession most dear to us.

Let us hope and believe that his eyes have opened to the morning light of a never-ending day. Let us have faith that he dwells beneath the smile of that Divine Power who created life, not to be swallowed up in death, but to be renewed, purified, and enlarged in a realm of clearer light and broader vision, where the noblest aspirations and grandest dreams of our lives here shall become our assured and beautiful realities.

Address of Mr. Willis.

Mr. Willis. Mr. Speaker, I had not such an acquaintance with the gentleman whose memory we mourn to-day as would warrant me in any detailed remarks in the way of a funeral oration or eulogium upon his character and memory. What I have heard others say concerning him certainly has been calculated to bring a sentiment of experience or complacency to our minds in connection with him; in the first place, that he was a gallant man, and in the next that he had faith; and if these were possessed by him he fulfilled and carried out the requirements of two of the great cardinal virtues taught in the Divine Word. We have been instructed to add to our faith, as the best of virtues which man can possess, manliness and courage; and certainly there can be nothing more appropriate for a man who represents and loves the people than to exhibit the spirit, the sentiment, and the practice of bravery and manliness.

Mr. Speaker, I am always delighted whenever I see among public men that generous tone of bearing toward their associates, that unselfish attitude of action and opinion, which indicate to my mind the possession of true manliness.

As I said on a former occasion, greatness in human life is not to be measured alone by intellectual powers. It is a faculty that concerns the heart as well as the brain. A man may not even have a great soul to be a great man. He may have very many infirmities and possess many peccadillos; but if the soul is broad, full of humanity and unselfishness and of charity, he has in his heart all the elements that make a great man. And then, if he has a broad intellect,

with discriminating, comprehensive faculties of the mind and acumen to perceive circumstances, conditions, or situations and make them available to be brought to the interests of human nature, I think he needs no qualifications that go to make up a great man. And in so far as this was a manly man, a man of that character, he had at least the elements of greatness in his composition. So far as I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him, I found him brave and intellectual.

I have been pleased, Mr. Speaker, on these funeral occasions, with the disposition of kindliness which has been manifested on the part of the members of this body to speak well of those who have left us. In voting and speaking upon a resolution in regard to a proposition to do away with the memorial services, such as those which Congress has been in the habit of practicing in the past, I took the ground, and made remarks touching the point, that if nothing else were to be gained than an opportunity to speak well of those who have left us, it seemed to me that the exercises would be well worth the trouble and the time.

I said that public men, and particularly men in deliberative bodies, were too likely to find out what was objectionable and to enlarge upon the shortcomings of their confrères and fellows, but that these funeral occasions afforded especially favorable opportunities for magnifying what they had found—if they never had before acknowledged it—that was good and broad and great in their departed fellows. I was impressed with this idea during the services that were held the other day. These manly intellects, broad hearts, affectionate natures which we find in representative men, such as those that have passed away from these scenes and are sleeping the last long sleep of death—

I say these broad intellects, ever seeking to know more and more of the mysterious and the mighty, and these enlarged affectional impulses of the human soul, to me are presumptive arguments in favor of another life.

I do not and can not believe that so much of good material, intellectual, affectional, spiritual, social, was ever intended to be interwrought into a human structure for the existence and the limitations of only three score years and ten. When an architect builds a magnificent temple, he lays the foundation deep in the soil, constructed of impregnable and lasting marble, spreads the architrave and extends the walls, so that it shall not be a thing of a season; but, with all its grandeur and costliness and splendor, the idea underlies the whole operation that it is to last for generations, and he would, if he could, like the ancient Egyptians, aim at immortality with material things. I can not believe that Almighty God, the skillful and eternal Creator, who has constructed the strange architecture of the little pebble and the fine fiber and fabric of the wing of the tiny insect which can keep its place in the pathway of the eagle through the storm—that that Divine hand, with all its skill, ever incorporated so much valuable material in a human life to let it cease utterly at the end of three-score years and ten.

I wanted to say this thing here in this House, and that was the purpose I had in rising. I believe that death is not the end of all things; that it is not the destruction of the living power; that the fact that we live now is a presumption that we shall live hereafter, unless it can be shown that death is the destruction of the living power, and I think every presumption is against it. And though we may not be willing to go into the fine-spun philosophy of theology,

I think this presumption lays itself at the door of the common sense of every man. There is too much in us to pass away with a season. These men who have left us will live again somewhere, in the undiscovered country to which we are hastening; and it is a good thing for us to remember that we are mortal and that we are immortal, and that our immortality carries with it a responsibility which is as becoming and as fitting and as effective in a legislator as in any other man in the community.

I have long since thought, before it was ever my honored privilege to appear in this august presence, that it ought to be considered a great functional privilege of a legislature such as this, a National Legislature, to hold up and have a very high standard of manhood. I think we ought to be above any small or meanly selfish thing; that we ought, indeed, to learn to ascend the elevation of human excellence which has been so beautifully marked out in those striking words in Scripture, adding to faith "virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity;" that every man should make an earnest and honest daily attempt to ascend this sublime elevation, and when he gets at the summit he ought to find himself with his feet on the neck of his passions. In that lofty height to which he has attained he ought to feel that he is really himself a conqueror of the world through faith and virtue. And it is my honest desire that the American Congress shall have just as much of this grand principle as is possible under the circumstances and environments of public life.

Mr. PENDLETON. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of our esteemed colleague and friend, WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN, late a Representative from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That the sympathies of the members of this House be extended to the family of Mr. CRAIN in their bereavement, and that the Clerk of the House transmit to them a copy of these resolutions.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Accordingly (at 4 o'clock and 5 minutes p. m.) the House, in accordance with the special order, adjourned until 8 o'clock p. m.

Proceedings in the Senate.

February 10, 1896.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. W. J. Browning, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. William Henry Crain, late a member of the House from the State of Texas, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The Vice-President. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

In the House of Representatives,
February 10, 1896.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. William Henry Crain, late a Representative from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That a committee of nine members of the House be appointed by the Speaker, to act with such Senators as may be selected, to attend the funeral of the deceased; that the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House shall take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased at his home, and that the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect to Mr. Crain's memory, the House do now adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. Mills. Mr. President, I offer for adoption the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Texas will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN, late a Representative from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That a committee of three Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer, to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives, to take order for superintending the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Texas.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and the Vice-President appointed as the committee on the part of the Senate under the second resolution Mr. Mills, Mr. Gallinger, and Mr. Kyle.

Mr. MILLS. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 3 o'clock and 5 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, February 11, 1896, at 12 o'clock meridian.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

MAY 16, 1896.

Mr. CHILTON. Mr. President, I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask for their adoption.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Texas will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions; and they were unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN, late a Representative from the State of Texas.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, in order that fitting tribute be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That the sympathies of the members of the Senate be tendered to the family of Mr. CRAIN in this bereavement, and that the Secretary of the Senate transmit to them a copy of these resolutions.

Address of Mr. Chilton.

Mr. Chilton. Mr. President, I did not know Mr. Crain as intimately as some of those who, like my colleague, served with him in the other branch of Congress. We lived in different sections of our far-reaching Texas, and I believe he had been both district attorney and State senator before I made his personal acquaintance.

I remember well, sir, the occasion when I first saw him. It was at a Democratic State convention in Texas in 1880. A large crowd had assembled, and at some peculiarly stormy moment in the proceedings a tall and handsome man arose in the rear part of the hall, with a tone and manner which attracted instant attention, and addressed himself to the work of extricating the convention from its confusion. Some one who sat near me gave the name of the speaker as that of Mr. Crain, and the impression which the episode made upon my mind has never been effaced. In thinking of him, I always like to look back to that day. I never saw a brighter face or keener eye; I never saw a presence more imperial; I never heard a diction more felicitous and clear. His speech was short, but it was complete. There was no waste of gesticulation, no waste of language, no waste of opportunity. It was all over quickly. Other scenes rapidly succeeded as the business of the convention was transacted, but none which are recalled with the vividness of that which I have described. I was then a young practitioner of the law, held no office, and was barely beginning a limited experience in politics, but I remember that the conclusion was then fastened

upon my mind, that Mr. CRAIN was suited to and sure of an eminent career.

It is always to me, sir, a most interesting study to analyze the lives of public men and endeavor to single out the particular qualities which have been the sources of their distinction. In Mr. CRAIN'S case I would say it came, first, from that accomplishment which has been noticed by so many, his mastery of undiluted English expression; next, from his voice of music and of power, and, lastly, from an overflow of animal spirits developed into constant vivacity and creating a social charm which, according to my observation of mankind, neither study nor learning nor experience nor even good temper alone can altogether supply.

Possessing this combination of personal and oratorical gifts to which I have alluded, it may well be supposed that Mr. CRAIN was specially strong as a political canvasser. He could interest in private conversation, he could electrify in public debate, and thus it was that, though his adversaries were many, he was triumphantly elected to Congress term after term, and continued to his death a favorite of the people.

Address of Mr. Caffery.

Mr. Caffery. Mr. President, to adequately portray the character and fittingly eulogize the virtues of the dead require an intimate acquaintance with the individual while alive. I lack the essential element of that acquaintance to do full honor to the memory of William Henry Crain. The only time I was thrown in contact with Mr. Crain was on the train from New Orleans to Washington several years ago. During that journey there was between us a free interchange of thought and a candid expression of opinion on many of the leading topics of the day.

The Southern character is distinguished for absence of form and freedom from restraint. When intelligent gentlemen of high social or official position are casually brought together, with rapid insight they correctly estimate each other's character; with sagacious confidence they lay the foundation for a friendship which in time frequently warms into the closest intimacy; there is neither that reserve which repels advance nor that caution which seeks seclusion.

During the journey referred to I observed in Mr. Crain a character that was chivalric, an intellect that was solid, yet brilliant. His versatility was remarkable; his power of description graphic; his opinions just. In his bearing, there was an urbanity of manner which charmed his companions; in his discourse, a poetry of expression which almost glowed into verse.

But, sir, I was not fortunate enough to enter the sanctuary where mind fully discloses itself to mind and heart to heart—the sacred sanctuary devoted to human friendship;

and therefore tenderer hands than mine have laid their tribute on his grave, and more loving hearts than mine have done honor to his memory. Though this be so, a Louisianian brings this sincere offering to his name and fame and lays it on the grave of the noble Texan.

Mr. President, "Noscitur a sociis" is a maxim as true in ethics as in law. Judged by this maxim, the young and promising statesman was only unfortunate in his untimely death. He had "won golden opinions from all sorts of men." His associates in the House of Representatives with one accord honor his memory and grieve for his loss. With affectionate zeal they stamp his character and his ability with the seal of their love and respect.

Where he lived and where best known there were tears for the death "that did sit on his brow like an untimely frost;" there was love for the citizen and praise for the Representative, and there the memory of his worth will long outlive the generation which cherishes it.

Address of Mr. Mills.

Mr. Mills. Mr. President, on the 10th day of February last, in the hours of the early morning, William Henry Crain, a Representative from the Eleventh Texas district, in the forty-eighth year of his age, joined the innumerable caravan that is ever journeying toward the unknown land. For twelve years he had been honored by the people of his district as their Representative in the National Legislature. It is useless to inquire how well he discharged the duties of the high station he occupied. His constituents have answered all such questions by their cordial indorsement at each recurring election. From the beginning to the sad ending of his public career he held without one wavering moment not only the confidence but the affection of the people among whom he lived, for whom he labored, and beside whose departed loved ones he has been laid to sleep until the gray dawn of another morning, when those that sleep shall awake, and awake, as he believed, to another, a higher, and a better life. When one's life has been rounded out to hoary hairs and furrowed cheeks and his head is then bowed upon the bed of death, there is a consolation that comes to the hearts of loved ones and friends in the consciousness of the fact that he has accomplished the work that the Master assigned. But when we stand by the open grave of a faithful public servant who has fallen in the full vigor of physical manhood and great intellectual endowments, there is a touch of deeper sadness, a pang of keener grief. It is in the shadow of that grief all Texas stands to-day. From the Sabine to the Rio Grande and from No Mans Land to the Gulf of Mexico he was known to all.

In the interesting and sometimes angry contentions in reference to the adjustment of public questions he was always a participant, and one who was always ready to give a reason for the faith that was in him. In an intellectual encounter he was not an adversary to be despised, and the foeman who made the mistake of underestimating his strength always paid the penalty for his rashness before the encounter ended. At 24 years of age he was elected district attorney of the district in which he lived. This position presented to him a splendid field for the display of his intellectual gifts and attainments. In this arena he was constantly pitted against the ablest and best lawyers of his district. It would be fulsome flattery to say that he always came off first best in encounters with such a bar as that district had. But daily battle with strong men improved and whetted his own intellect and enabled him to mount faster and higher the eminence whose summit he was struggling to crown.

In the exercise of his official duties as an officer of the State he was in constant touch with the people. The circle of his acquaintance was ever expanding, and as it widened his hold grew stronger. He was endowed with a bright, quick mind, and with an ever present wit and a generous warmth of disposition. He could prosecute without persecuting. He could differ sharply without offending those with whom he differed. There were genial sunshine and warmth displayed in his intercourse with all that attached his fellow-citizens to him, and he died without knowing how strong that attachment was.

In 1884 he was chosen the Representative in Congress of the district, which then bristled with men of ability, the constant friendship of all of whom he held to the last

moment of his life; and when he announced some weeks before his death his determination to retire to private life, his resolution met their remonstrance from every part of his district. They believed, as did all his friends, that the theater of his usefulness was widening; that there were higher altitudes to which fortune was inviting him and on which the pride and affections of his people were anxious he should stand. But he felt that twelve years of the very vigor of his life he had given to his country, and he should now look to the interests of those who were dependent on him for support. His earthly goods were limited, and he felt that before he died he should better the pecuniary situation of his loved ones. In a conversation with him only a few days before his death he told me of his purpose to quit public life. In common with other friends, I remonstrated with him against his decision. But he was immovable. In a few days after our conversation he was taken away from his people, his family, and his friends. He fell at his post and in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by his fellow-citizens. When his death was announced, there were no mourners more sincere than those among whom he was born and reared. They were not only proud of him as their Representative, but they loved him, and loved him with an intensity and depth of feeling that is not often the fortune of public servants. While he had every evidence of their confidence in his integrity and fidelity in his discharge of public trusts, yet he never knew how deep was that tenderness of personal attachment that bound them to him. These are virtues that only manifest their full strength when the cherished object is destroyed and the image passes forever from our sight. Then the foundations are torn up, and all hearts pour their grief into

the grave of the loved and lost and speak only with flowers and shrouds and tears.

Mr. CRAIN had the advantages of a thorough education. To these he added the forces acquired by a life of reading and study. His mind was strong, active, and bright. When his brain was aroused in earnest discussion, he commanded the clearest and most forceful words in the English tongue, and, like a skilled archer, shot every arrow to the mark he meant. When he felt it necessary by ridicule to puncture a fallacy, he made his arrows laugh as they flew. When it was necessary, he was logical, analytical, and serious, and developed an idea with faultless argument. He had what men call moral courage—that power that enables a man to stand by convictions when enveloped in clouds as well as when in sunshine. An open, frank, and happy disposition attracted friends, and held them when they came. His hold upon them was manifested when his remains were carried to his home for interment. His constituents, without regard to party, met in public assemblies and expressed their sorrow at his loss. From every part of his district they came with flowers to cover the grave in which was to rest the neighbor, the friend, and faithful public servant.

And there we leave him to sleep on till the mortal shall put on immortality and the dead shall wake to sleep no more.

I move, as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 3 o'clock and 50 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, May 18, 1896, at 12 o'clock meridian.

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